LE B 11-25-85

John S. Hamolsky

PROVIDENCE — John S. Hamolsky, 34, of 72 Carrington St. died Sunday at Rhode Island Hospital after illness.

He was the director and manager of the Audio Visual Services at Brown University for five years.

Mr. Hamolsky was a member of Temple Beth-El. He was a graduate of Moses Brown and Western Reserve University.

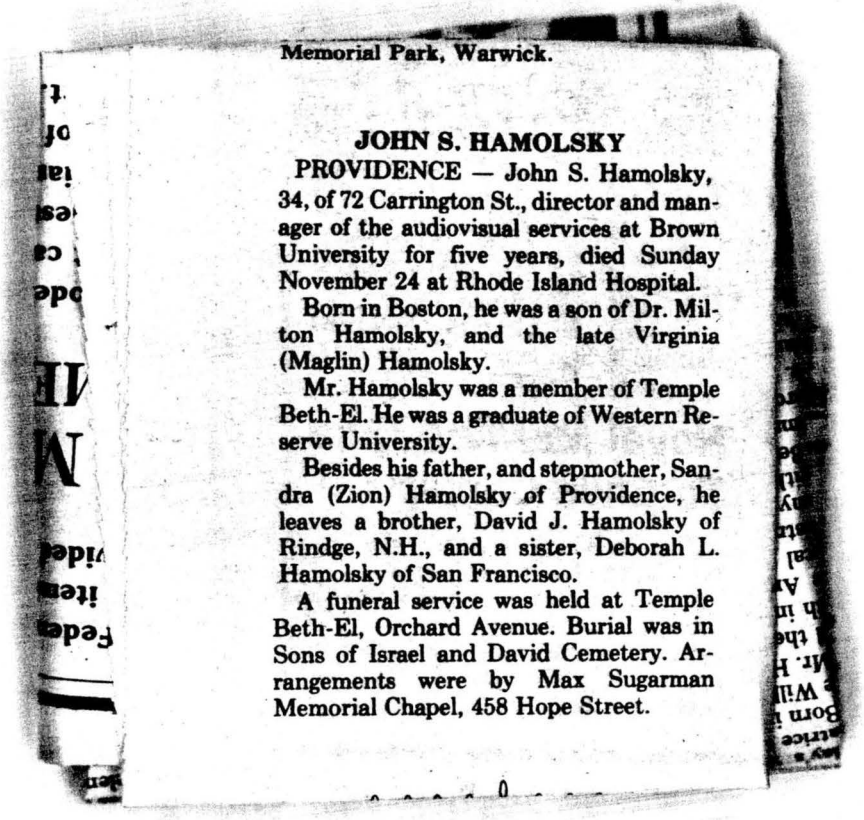
He was born in Boston, a son of Dr. Milton Hamolsky of Providence and the late Virginia (Maglin) Hamolsky.

Besides his father and stepmother, Sandra (Zion) Hamolsky, he leaves a brother, David J. Hamolsky of Rindge, N.H., and a sister, Deborah L. Hamolsky of San Francisco, Calif.

The funeral service will be held tomorrow at 11 a.m. at Temple Beth-El, 70 Orchard Ave. Burial will be in Sons of Israel and David Cemetery.

HAMOLSKY, JOHN S.

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Memorial Park, Warwick.

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Born in Boston, he was a son of Dr. Milton Hamolsky, and the late Virginia (Maglin) Hamolsky.

Mr. Hamolsky was a member of Temple Beth-El. He was a graduate of Western Reserve University.

Besides his father, and stepmother, Sandra (Zion) Hamolsky of Providence, he leaves a brother, David J. Hamolsky of Rindge, N.H., and a sister, Deborah L. Hamolsky of San Francisco.

A funeral service was held at Temple Beth-El, Orchard Avenue. Burial was in Sons of Israel and David Cemetery. Arrangements were by Max Sugarman Memorial Chapel, 458 Hope Street.

RI NER. 11/29/85

23-11-27-85

John found a place, and a life, and that was all he needed

HAMOLSKY, John



Mark Patinkin

A few weeks before he went into the hospital for the last time, I saw him eating alone in a restaurant off North Main Street. He knew then that the doctors had done what they could do. He knew it was a matter of months now, or perhaps less. And still, here he was, going forth with simple routine. And I wondered: How do you maintain when there's so little time?

I went to John Hamolsky's funeral yesterday. I didn't really know him. I'd shaken his hand a few times, that's all. But we shared some friends, and there was a secret here I wanted to find out, one that had to do with facing down this kind of thing when you are only 34 years old.

★ ★ ★

I'VE ASKED MYSELF in the past what I'd do if cancer ever touched me. At times I've told myself I'd just seize whatever I had left, going to Paris to drink and Switzerland to ski and Bermuda to swim.

In his eulogy, the rabbi explained that John didn't do that. He just kept working, even after the doctors had admitted him to the oncology wing.

Perhaps, I figured, that is the answer — the secret lies in work; it's to find the kind of glamour job that can be a calling.

Then I learned that John was director of audiovisual services at Nickel, "is creating the show is one thing, but if it's not presented well, what's the point?"

"But it's just a slide show," I said.

No, said Nickel. It wasn't just a slide show, not to John.

★ ★ ★

THERE WAS another pursuit that often drew him into the night — fishing. Summers, when he was done at Brown, he'd drive down to Beavertail, and if the tides were right, he'd stay until midnight. There are people who fish and people who fish and John was among the true believers. It seemed to be like his work. It was a seduction.

His father told me of the time they sat with an oncologist to discuss the side effects of treatment for melanoma. The doctor said there would be difficult nausea. John had always had a tendency to get sick on boats. Now, he figured, as long as he was going to be sick anyway, he might as well make the most of it. He scheduled a deep-sea fishing trip the day after his treatments. And when the time came, he went through with it.

His friends told me one other thing. They said I had to mention his dog. It was a Dalmatian He brought it to work every day. It was known for moving from office to office, looking for patches of sunlight to lie in.

I mention the dog and the fishing for a reason. They seemed to be part of a thread that ran through John Hamolsky's days. He had a habit of losing himself in whatever he chose. I am told he did so with his family, too, and with his friends

Brown; he was a maker of slide shows. I have known others in this kind of field. They seemed to be technicians mostly, more caught up in information than art. It's not necessarily the kind of work you'd consider a seduction.

Only, for John it was.

He was known for being the one most likely to shut the building down at night.

"In fact," said a colleague, "we'd sometimes open up the next morning and he'd still be there."

Part of it, to be frank, was that he could be disorganized. But there was a perfectionism going on here, too. Mark Nickel, a colleague, told me John had this thing about overseeing the projection of his shows. He once came back from a Cape Cod vacation to operate the equipment.

"Was he crazy?" I said. "Couldn't somebody else do it?"

Yes, said Nickel, but other people would do things like prop the projectors on books, distorting the pictures. John hated that.

"The way he felt about it," said

It seemed to give him a center. Perhaps it's why he didn't feel compelled to run to Paris after the doctors had done what they could do. He'd found a place, and a life, and that is all he needed.

There is one other story I'll remember about him. A Brown colleague told me of a time he gave a show to the admissions staff for use on the road. They looked at it, then suggested substituting some slides, moving around the order. John gave them one of those "don't these people understand?" looks. This wasn't just a tray of slides. This was a unit. It was his craft.

★ ★ ★

IT OCCURS to me that so many of us look upon our work as just a tray of slides. John seemed to understand that it doesn't have to be that way; that craftsmanship does not belong to the few with glamour jobs, it belongs to the many who bring excellence to th[illegible] own quiet corners.

Perhaps th[illegible] taug[illegible]

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